

DIAMOND JUBILEE EDITION \$1  
FEBRUARY, 1965

# SASKATCHEWAN



*H. B. Turner*



**S**ASKATCHEWAN'S heritage stems from many sources: from the canoe and snowshoe Indians of the north, who bartered with Hudson's Bay and North West Company traders over two-hundred years ago; from the mystic, visionary Indians of the High Plains, whose picturesque way of life passed into history within the memory of living men; from the freedom-loving Metis and the freedom-preserving Mountie; from the cattleman and the dry-land farmer; the miner and the oilrigger and the railroad man; the trapper and commercial fisherman and the bush-pilot; the artist, scientist and missionary; from the score of ethnic groups who have made this province home—and from the land itself.

In this first issue of our magazine, we can but touch on a few of the phases of life and outlook that make Saskatchewan unique.

It is our hope that we will be able to tell the story and present the picture of our province more completely in future editions.

# SASKATCHEWAN

Published by  
SASKATCHEWAN DIAMOND JUBILEE &  
CANADA CENTENNIAL CORPORATION  
McCallum-Hill Building,  
Regina, Saskatchewan

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Printed by  
Midwest Litho Ltd.  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

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**COVER**—Autumn leaves frame a restful scene on Shannon Lake, one of many beautiful woodland lakes situated along the Hanson Lake Road in Saskatchewan's north country. Photograph by Ken Patterson.

Except where otherwise specified, all photographs in this publication are courtesy of the Government of Saskatchewan and Canadian Government Travel Bureau.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

"Province Day"—Jubilee Opening  
Ceremonies—Jan. 31, Regina.

Macdonald Brier Dominion Curling  
Championships—Mar. 1-5,  
Saskatoon.

Kinsmen International Band Competition  
—May 20, 21, 22, Moose Jaw.

Cannington-Souris Vacation Trail  
Opening—May 24, Cannington  
Manor.

Jubilee Drama Tours—May 24-June 11  
(Twelve Provincial Centres).

Jubilee Sunday—May 30 (Throughout  
Province).

Battlefords-Meadow Lake Vacation Trail  
Opening—June 6, Lloydminster.

Gala Night Under the Stars—June 11,  
Saskatoon.

Gala Night Under the Stars—June 12,  
Regina.

Weyburn Exhibition—June 28-30

Pion-Era Days—June 28-July 3,  
Saskatoon.

Estevan Exhibition—July 1-3

Frontier Days and Exhibition—July 1-3,  
Swift Current.

Moose Jaw Exhibition—July 7-10

Yorkton Exhibition—July 12-14

Melfort Exhibition—July 15-17

Saskatoon Industrial Exhibition and  
Horse Racing—July 19-24

Provincial Exhibition — July 26-31,  
Regina.

Battlefords Exhibition — August 2-4,  
North Battleford.

Prince Albert Exhibition—August 5-7

Lloydminster Exhibition—August 9-11

Youth Travel Groups — July-August  
(Throughout Province).

Founders' Day Ceremonies — August  
(Throughout Province).

"Anniversary Day" Ceremonies—  
September 6, Regina.

Jubilee Sunday—October 24  
(Throughout Province).

A more complete list of local events will be available from the Jubilee and Centennial Corporation.

DIAMOND JUBILEE 1965

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

by Robert Tyre

ONE SPECIAL thing that makes Saskatchewan different from any other part of the world, is her name.\*

Its pronunciation baffles the tongues of deep-south Texans, and natives of Brooklyn confronted by the strange noun have been known to scratch their heads and decide that it must be one of the new African states.

The province's distinctive name is daily becoming less strange to the eyes and ears of the outside world. Wheat carried Saskatchewan's name to distant parts of the globe; oil was next in the role of press agent, and now potash is doing some excellent publicity work.

Curious people in Baghdad and Tiflis, yes and in South Texas and Brooklyn too, are turning to their maps to learn something about the place with the picturesque name.

Maps are useful things to teach geography and guide tourists over unfamiliar terrain. But the map has not been invented that can adequately explain and portray the special qualities of a province and its people that make one part of Canada different from another, despite the common bond of citizenship. Saskatchewan's difference is more than just the uniqueness of her Cree-Indian name.

The qualities which make one region different from another are compounded of diverse things: a way of life and an attitude to life that are molded by history and heritage, spiritual values, physical environment, and geography and weather.

Geography and weather have strongly influenced the social and economic patterns of life in Saskatchewan. The fertile soil of her southern plains placed the emphasis on agriculture and the quality and quantity of her harvests rest on the whim of the weather. Winter's long grip makes the growing season short. One crop,

one harvest per year. There are no second chances.

Saskatchewan, understandably, is a province of weather watchers. They listen to the forecasts before retiring and check the weather first thing when they get up in the morning. It is weather that can be benign and brutal, poetic and perverse, in all seasons.

The cycle of the seasons in Saskatchewan is a pageant of dramatic change and transition. Those who leave the province for more temperate zones miss the colour and beauty and grandeur of seasonal change in the Prairies.

The Prairie expatriate will have his memories of the flowering and fading of the seasons: the snowy silence of a grain field under the clear, cold, blue-steel of a January sky; melting snow and running water and doors and windows opened to the liberating suns of spring; the rain-washed freshness of summer dawns and the fragrance of lilac at kitchen windows; combines in the wheat fields, autumn fire in the valleys, and the leaves of the maples falling. Then the return of Winter's snows to complete the cycle.

Saskatchewanites grumble about the heat and grumble about the cold and talk about moving to more clement climes. Some of them do. They move to places where snow is rare and summer heat more tolerable, and where they are obliged to listen to the natives grumbling about fog and rain and possibly hurricanes or tornadoes. A surprising number of Saskatchewan citizens who remove themselves to "evergreen paradises" suffer attacks of acute nostalgia and wish they were back in the "sundrenched prairie."

I think you have to leave Saskatchewan and go to some other part of Canada or the continent to live and work before you begin to appreciate the quality and character of this province you have left.

Visiting in Victoria, B.C., some years ago I was touring my host's garden and orchard when

\* From the Cree "Kis-is-ska-tche-wan" meaning "Swift Flowing."



*No sky on earth is more dramatic than that above Saskatchewan, seen here over Indian Head.*

a stranger, an elderly lady, emerged from the surrounding maze of vegetation and addressed me.

"You're the visitor from Saskatchewan?" she said. "That was my home before I came here." We talked for a few minutes about Saskatchewan and then I asked her how she liked Victoria.

"It's a nice place," she said, "but I find it lonely here. I miss the prairie. It was so open and neighborly."

We all miss that, those of us who have left the province. We miss its unshuttered friendliness and neighborliness, and the loss is felt most by those who have taken up residence in one of the larger and more crowded cities of Canada.

It is not possible to walk the streets of Saskatchewan cities without meeting friends or acquaintances. It is one of the familiar sights in the downtown streets of Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon and Prince Albert, small groups of city or rural people halted on the sidewalk to exchange news and gossip oblivious to the traffic around them.

It is not something you see in the busy streets of the big cities, where the stream of humanity flows like a river in flood—hurried, impersonal, preoccupied, and aloof. The great metropolitan areas of Canada have become vast

colonies of steel and concrete and people, and in the process of achieving this bulk they have distilled and diluted away the precious element of community neighborliness.

Hospitality is a word that has lost much of its meaning in this frantic age, but the genuine article is an honoured tradition in rural and urban Saskatchewan.

As a former newspaperman in the province, I have experienced this ungrudging hospitality in remote corners of Saskatchewan and among people who exercise their own right of choice in how they live and work, sometimes in unusual surroundings and working at occupations strange to the farmer or the office clerk.

I have been the guest of a bearded houseboat captain who has spent most of his life on the waters of Lake Athabasca, freighting and fishing for a living in the summer and reading good books through the long winter months when his home is icebound beside the shore. And I have consumed with relish the bacon and beans of a hardy septuagenarian prospector who cooked the food over a campfire on the lonely shores of Charlebois Lake.

I have enjoyed the hospitality of the pastor of Saskatchewan's oldest Anglican church at Stanley east of La Ronge. I have dined at the tables of wheat farmers, sampled savoury home-grown beef at ranches in the cattle country of

the southwest, and shared the sandwich lunch of an oil field roughneck.

These people, working out their own destinies in different ways in different places, make up the colorful tapestry of life in Saskatchewan. One thing they had in common, a spirit of hospitality which offered food and shelter without fuss or reservation.

Saskatchewan comes by these qualities naturally. They were qualities that arrived with the pioneers who turned the first sod and sowed the first wheat. The province was farm-born and farm-raised and who better in Canada knew the frustrations that can be so much a part of the life of people who earn their living from the soil, and who are so much at the mercy of the forces of nature—a year's income lost in an instant by the fury of a hailstorm or a bountiful harvest left uncut and rendered useless by prolonged flood rains. Or it could be drought or it could be insects.

"Help thy neighbor" was a necessary part of the creed of the early settler. For it was only by helping one another that they could survive disaster and hope for better things next year.

The great depression of the Thirties brought this good neighbor policy into full flower again, and it is one of the more heart-warming things about those grim years that people who lived through them remember.

So gradually, because it was never allowed to disappear like other old customs and habits, this quality we call neighborliness has become an integral part of the manners and mores of Saskatchewan. It is one reason why the old-fashioned community fowl supper still remains fashionable in the province. It is just a memory now in most parts of Canada.

The cocktail party is a popular event of the fall social season in Canada, and it has its devotees in Saskatchewan too. But I will wager that far more fall social activity in the province revolves around the old-fashioned fowl supper than it does around the old-fashioned cocktail. I've enjoyed this harvest feast in a dozen country halls and in the basements of city churches. Canadians who have never consumed a fowl supper, harvest style, have missed something in life.

So perhaps what I'm saying is that in her approach to life and living, Saskatchewan may be a little more old-fashioned than some of her sister provinces. I think this is one of her charms. In a world which at times seems to have misplaced its sense of values, it is not a bad thing to be a bit old-fashioned. Modern cities and modern farms populate the grainlands now, and the trappings of sophistication are necessarily a part of Saskatchewan's growing-up process. But with all this modernism, it is good to see that our Wheat Province still retains something of its country-boy heritage.

Besides its wheat, oil, and potash, Saskatchewan turns out another commodity which is becoming rare in this conformist world: rugged individualism. It's another pioneer bequest that has been passed along to one generation of farmers after another. Working the soil and experiencing the prairie weather produces a sturdy people, resourceful, self-reliant and independent. And this rugged individualism is not just the property of farm folk. It's pretty general. Politicians treat it with wary respect and traffic policemen confess that it sometimes takes more than a whistle to halt a determined jaywalker.

Weather (you always come back to this subject) in Saskatchewan has been called some



*"It is not a bad thing to be a bit old fashioned."* R. Taylor

*Coffee break for the harvest crew.*





*Holy Trinity Church at Stanley Mission on the Churchill River, east of Lac la Ronge, is the oldest extant building in Saskatchewan, completed in 1856. The mission was founded in 1845 by the Indian Anglican catechist James Settee.*



*Against a sunset sky, a houseboat plies the waters of Lake Athabasca.*

uncomplimentary names, not without justification. The huge sky brims with it, the foul as well as the fair, and where weather is concerned, it seems to be human nature to recall the bad and to forget the good. Wrapped to the ears in woollens or cooling off under the tap, Saskatchewanites can say some harsh things about their weather. But let a stranger come into the province and begin to malign it, and they rush to its defence. They also bristle at any suggestion that blizzards originate in Saskatchewan. As they tell it, the bad weather comes from either Alberta or Manitoba.

Outsiders exposed to some of the province's more inclement weather say they can readily understand why Saskatchewan is a province of rugged individualists: they have to be that way to survive the heat and cold. Actually the province's weather is probably no worse than is experienced in any other province of the Dominion, and there are summer days of such rare beauty that a Mediterranean spring seems commonplace by comparison. In point of fact Saskatchewan enjoys more hours of sunshine during the year than many other parts of Canada. Comforting too, on a morning when the mercury hits 40 below is the remembered statistic that people live longer in the Prairies. Besides, it's weather that grows the finest wheat.

Saskatchewan is a young province and even before it joined confederation in 1905 its history of white settlement was a period of only a few

decades. But the pageant of its past, short though it is measured by years, has not lacked for colour and drama and the stuff of legend. Figures tragic, violent, and statesmanly have made their entrances and exits on the stage of its history and although they did not alter the course of that history, they left their imprint on its pages.

There is the tragic episode of Louis Riel, the visionary who lit the fires of prairie rebellion and saw his dream of Metis government vanish at Batoche, erased by the gunfire of Middleton's soldiers; and Gabriel Dumont, the buffalo hunter and frontiersman who became Riel's lieutenant, fleeing south from the lost battle, careful to avoid the Redcoats stationed in Regina, the Territorial capital, where 20 years later Canada's Prime Minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier, would officiate at the birth of the Province of Saskatchewan.

Retracing Saskatchewan's past is a stimulating experience. I commend it as an appetizer for the more exciting adventure of discovering Saskatchewan as it is today. The infinite variety of its 252,000 square miles of plain and valley, lake and river, forest and pre-Cambrian rock, is the whole picture of Saskatchewan familiar to only a few of its own citizens. This Diamond Jubilee Year would be an appropriate time to become better acquainted with your province and the developments taking place that are shaping its future.



*Autumn, Amisk Lake*

# Prairie Pageant

**E**VEN the most expressive pictures cannot convey the savour of the air, crisped by a night of frost, fragrant with ripened wheat, flooded with sunlight.

In late August the countryside is restive. Flights of birds wheel into the vagrant winds in impulsive eddies. On a distant hillside a red fox pauses briefly to survey the weed stalks where a field vole rustles along a hidden runway. Families of ducks and geese bob amid the sedges of a rivershore where the clear blue of the reflected sky is shattered into a million opalescent glints. Summer is dying, and though the harmless red-backed Plains garter snake may still sun his coils on a flat-topped rock, there is a feeling of urgent hurry throughout the land.

But a few days, and the still-green leaves will glow with the hues of sunset—appropriate colours—for the season is setting, too, as the sun moves steadily southward over the curving paunch of the globe.

Already car-tops and windowpanes have born a morning's rime of frost.

Now the fields are full of harvesters as the cornucopian earth yields up its annual bounty.

Night winds rustle in the corn stalks and flying clouds obscure the October moon. From its summer haunts on the windswept tundra and amid the darksome forests of the north, the Snowy Owl has come like a nocturnal spirit. The spruce spires make uneasy sounds and every day the shadows fall a little earlier.

Still, there is a respite as Tuk wa 'kin sits in the autumn hills smoking his pipe, and a blue haze fills the valleys, softening the outlines of distant fields and farms.

These are the "smoking days" of Indian Summer, which will last until Tuk wa 'kin's pipe is done and he shakes its ashes over the land, blanketing the earth with white.

Weeks ago the wood-borer sensed the chill in the evening air, felt the stirring in the wood around him, and gnawed his length more deeply into the solid tree.

Ice-crystals on the pond alerted the muskrat and he heaped another layer of rushes onto his lodge.

One day, the world awoke to a fresh fall of snow. The farm boy, trudging his way to school, stopped to examine the tell-tale chains of grouse tracks 'round the aspen copse.

Now, on a clear, calm night the bark of a neighbor's dog a mile away wakes echoes in the yard. An axe biting into the firewood rings like a bell through the woodlot.

In every country town the corner rink reverberates with shouts and shocks as future N.H.L. stars harry the rubber pellet, while down the street the "roarin' game" resounds with cries of "sweep!" and a rifle-shot slaps of well-plied brooms.

There was a time, not too long ago, when winter meant a slowing down to most



*Sunshower, Big River.*  
A. Schafer

*Thrill on a hill is experienced by participant in Prince Albert skiing event.*



*Winter Moonlight.*



*Snowy Owl.*  
R. Taylor

*December Woods.*





Canadians. On the open plains, where blizzards could catch the traveller unawares, farm families lived an isolated existence—little islands of life in the vast and somnolent landscape of snow-locked roads and fields.

Today, winter, no less than summer or spring, is a season of creativity, variety and enjoyment. Hillsides blossom afresh with brightly-clad skiers. Towns and cities settle down to a round of sports events and cultural pursuits. Little theatre groups thrive and highways hum with year 'round traffic.

Even in the north, where trappers still run their lonely lines through wolf-haunted forests the tyranny of the Snow King is at an end, broken forever by modern technology.

True, the wild winds can still sweep furiously across the land, churning a million acres of powdery snow into ground blizzards of severe intensity. Saskatchewan winters are not to be lightly regarded, even today. But a compromise has been reached, and few and unfortunate are those citizens who have not learned to enjoy the tang of a fresh winter day in the out-of-doors.

By mid-February, there is a feeling of tension across the land. The snows of a dozen storms have melted and compacted into a kind of miniature glacier. If Chinook has visited the prairie, his passage may still be evident in the dusty discoloration of the drifts, in the frozen ponds lining the hollows. Dooryard spruce waken to the temporary habitation of waxwings.

Just as Indian Summer brightens the late fall, the February Thaw usually affords Saskatchewan a fortaste of spring. Brooks may make a few tentative ripples toward some far-off river,



*Prairie Lillies, Qu'Appelle Valley, overlooking Katepwa Lake. Al Shafer*

Above—  
*Summer Idyl, near Round Lake, Qu'Appelle Valley. C. O. Dean*

Right—  
*The beautiful "badlands" of the Big Muddy Valley.*





*Weathered Wood, roosting geese,  
looking north along Last Mountain  
Lake.*

but for a while the land will seem almost as lifeless as the surface of the moon.

March renews the hope of warmer days, only to shatter it with equinoctial gales.

Then one day in April, you may visit a grassy hillside where laggard breezes have scuffed their feet and find crocus babies crouched in a tousled tussock, ready to open their parkas and smile at the sun.

Through boughs of half-opened buds, the limitless blue of the April sky can come close to producing a pleasurable mild vertigo in the beholder.

A puzzlement for some is the purling cry which occasionally descends out of the aery vault—a seemingly disembodied voice, just at the limit of hearing. Perseverance will disclose the source to be flocks of high-flying cranes visible only by virtue of the sun as wavering flecks of gold on an azure field.

At last, when the leaves of aspen hang heavy and limp and leather-soft, the briar rose burgeons into banks of pink and white. Household gardens rush headlong into full flower. Lilacs and honeysuckles drown the air in perfume. Cottonwood down drifts in the motionless atmosphere.

After a day of almost dead calm the brazen sky darkens to inky black as masses of purple-bellied clouds billow along the horizon,

grumbling ominously, lit with internal fires. Terns wheel upward on the thermals, plaintively heralding the storm.

Along the skyline, where hours before the solid earth seemed to dance in the noonday heat, rain trails its sombre cloak. The ragged edge of the rack sweeps overhead and dust swirls in its wake. Window frames rattle in a sudden gust of wind as children hasten in from play.

Then, for a breathless instant, there is silence—silence and an eerie calm—until, like an advancing stampede, the susurrus of rain whispers across the grass, rattles on eaves and rooftops and patters on the leaves.

A bomb-burst of thunder reverberates over the earth, instantly followed by eyeball-searing light. The turbulent bluster of a summer storm is full upon us and soon the rush of raindrops turns to a thirsty gurgle as the earth gives thanks for the benison of rain.

Full-blown, fragrant and filled with fun, summer lies heavy upon the land. Vacationers idle away the hours on wilderness lakes where the fish are waiting. Wheat grows tall in the summer wind; rippling like water in the sunlight. Soon it will shade to gold and the farmer will prepare for the coming harvest. So, as the moon waxes and wanes, the seasons have come full 'round.



# POTASH BONANZA

by Harold Longman

*Amid rich stands of grain near Belle Plaine, close to the "buckle of the wheat belt," Kalium Chemicals Limited operate a \$50,000,000 solution mining complex.*

**D**EVELOPMENT of potash reserves, rich beyond imagination, lying just beneath the fertile farm lands of Saskatchewan, is bringing about startling economic and social changes, both here and abroad.

Since the first ore reached the surface in June of 1958, this new, multi-million dollar industry has diversified and quickened Saskatchewan's economy, touched the lives of thousands of people, and looms as a practical solution to the problem of feeding a growing world population.

World demand for potash is increasing by ten per cent per year, and experts predict that by 1975 consumption will exceed production. A great demand exists in Asia where modern agricultural practices are slowly being adopted on burned-out soils farmed for thousands of years.

Blessed with the greatest known potash reserves in the world, estimated currently at five billion tons, Saskatchewan stands to benefit greatly. Recent success of the solution mining process has offered the world enough potash to last for 8,000 years.

Already the world's largest mining corporations are developing these vast reserves. Projects already underway, or committed, are worth an estimated \$225,000,000.

Three mines are currently in production, with another two scheduled to begin by 1968.

Annual estimated production at that time is expected to exceed 6,000,000 tons. On the basis of from twenty-four to twenty-eight dollars per ton, this will contribute an estimated \$140,000,000, promising to outstrip the \$170,000,000 petroleum and natural gas industry.

This should mean at least twenty five hundred new jobs by 1968 in mining alone, plus those offered by service industries already springing up to serve the potash firms.

The nation's two major railways are already benefiting from the potash traffic, and the 1968 production estimate should provide them with \$60,000,000 worth of business each year.

The economic impact of this industry can perhaps be better understood by examining the gigantic operation of International Minerals and Chemical Corporation (Canada) Limited, at Yarbo, near Esterhazy, 110 miles northeast of Regina.

The Esterhazy operation, while not the first to produce potash in the province, was the first to maintain production.

After five years of work to sink a shaft, described as the most difficult mining project ever successfully completed in North America, the mine and refinery officially went on stream September 20th, 1962.

By early 1963 production was rated at 1,200,000 tons per year.

The Corporation has provided permanent jobs for more than 400 people, with an annual payroll in excess of a quarter of a million dollars.

Yearly exports of potash from the Yarbo mine, currently rated as the world's largest, have benefited Canada's balance of trade by \$19,000,000.

Recently International Minerals undertook a \$13,000,000 expansion program which will boost production to 1,600,000 tons per year, and a second shaft is being sunk.

IMC holds about 250,000 acres of the province's 3,100,000 acres of potash reserves. Its holdings lie at the eastern end of a 50-mile-wide, 450-mile-long potash belt that girds southern Saskatchewan.

In late September, 1964, the world's first attempt at solution mining potash ore was successfully concluded at Belle Plaine, south of the main reserve belt.

From here Kalium Chemicals Limited shipped the first two trainloads of potash from its \$50,000,000 complex on September 29th. Kalium is a Canadian firm, owned by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company and Armour and Company, a Chicago meat-packing firm.

To eliminate expensive and troublesome shaft-sinking, Kalium evolved a process whereby a chemical is pumped into deep drill holes to dissolve the ore. The solution is then pumped out, dried and refined to recover the potash. At Belle Plaine the ore body lies at 5,600 feet.

Production is expected to reach 600,000 tons early this year.

At Patience Lake, 15 miles east of Saskatoon, Potash Company of America expects to put its shaft and plant back into operation soon.

The Patience Lake mine was the first in the province to go into production in September, 1958, but was closed when the shaft flooded early the next year.

At Allan, 35 miles southeast of Saskatoon, United States Borax Chemicals Corporation are preparing a \$60,000,000 mine and refinery, scheduled to go into production in 1968, at a production rate of a million tons per year. The firm expects to employ about 500 people.

Alwinal Potash of Canada, an amalgamation of several German and French firms, has started work on its own complex near Lanigan. It too expects to be in production in 1968 with a production rate equal to that of the Allan plant and an anticipated staff of about 1,000.

Continental Potash, which has been stalled at the 1,200 foot level at Unity because of shaft flooding, has negotiated a new financing arrangement and work is expected to resume.

These six firms have accounted for most of

the investment to date, but they are included in a total of 19 firms who hold 552,242 acres under lease, and 2,635,442 acres under permit.

Already many changes have been wrought in the province by the industry. Near the Yarbo operation the once sleepy prairie communities of Esterhazy, Churchbridge and Langenburg were awakened with a start. New homes and businesses have sprung up like mushrooms, and demands for new services have placed a heavy burden on local administrations.

To prevent this in future, and to control the impact of industry suddenly being thrust on unprepared prairie communities, the provincial government passed the Industrial Towns Act. Lanigan has been the first to profit by this, and has had its future closely detailed by planning experts.

Just what is potash, and why is it so important that the mining industry is willing to risk millions to tap the Saskatchewan resources? It is a risk, for although they are rich, nature buried the deposits deep, and placed the Blairmore formation above them as a guard.

Found at about the 1,200 foot level the Blairmore formation is a 200-foot-deep layer of unconsolidated, water-impregnated sand. The water carries a temperature of 140° Fahrenheit, and is under great pressure, ranging from 450 to 1,100 pounds per square inch. This is the formation that slowed International Minerals Corporation and boosted its costs; it was responsible for stalling Continental and stopped PCA.

Nobody really knows what potash is. It is known to contain potassium, and without potassium there would soon be no plant or animal life.

About 90 per cent of the world's potash demand goes into commercial fertilizers. Without potassium plants would lose their leaves and growth rate would be cut in half or would halt altogether.

Fruits and grain would shrivel into barren, undersized husks. Soon there would be no food and famine would be commonplace.

Lack of potassium would also affect all animal life, including man, and as soon as the body's supply was used up life would cease.

In the interval man's heart would beat erratically, his blood pressure would soar, and heart attacks would be pandemic. Muscles would respond slowly and spasmodically.

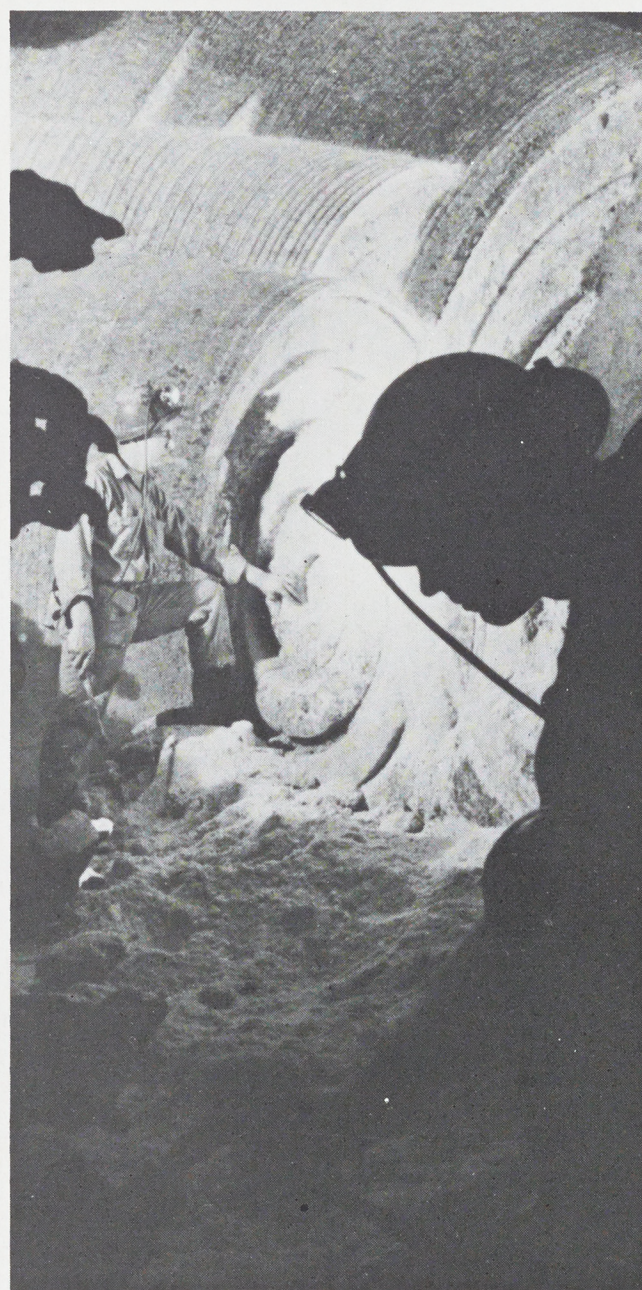
Man gets his potassium through the food he eats. More and more as plantings are repeated the supply available to plants diminishes, and it must be replaced through commercial fertilizing.

Potash is also important in industry. It is used in the production of batteries, dyes, vitamin

pills, fire extinguishers, explosives, matches, paper, insecticides, textiles and liquid oxygen, to name just a few of its 1,000 industrial uses.

It has also found a place in man's conquest of outer space. It is used in the manufacture of potassium peroxide, a long-lasting source of oxygen for use in space capsules.

Since life depends on it, the world demand can only increase. It is safe to assume that since Saskatchewan has the greatest known supply of this vital and versatile commodity, then her prosperity will increase proportionately.



*Half a mile underground, miners at I.M.C.'s Yarbo mine examine patterns cut in the rock by the "continuous miner" part of which is seen in silhouette on the left.*



## WINTER SUN

Born in Vienna, Austria, in 1897, Ernest Lindner was a student of architecture before he turned to painting. His work hangs in galleries in New York, Toronto, Ottawa, Fredericton, Saskatoon, Vienna and London, Ontario, to name only a few. Mr. Lindner was instructor and Head of the Art Department of the Saskatoon Technical Collegiate from 1936 to 1962 and received a Canada Council Grant in 1959. About painting, he says "I believe there is only 'art,' good, mediocre and bad, regardless of period or style or trend." His particular fondness is for the northern woodlands, which he paints with rare skill. His love for the texture of weathered wood is evident in this study. "To me there is no death," he has said, "only change of form."

# THE PAINTER'S EYE

"The eye sees as the heart directs," the poet said. So it is with the beauty of Saskatchewan's winter, interpreted by five leading artists.

Unquestionably Ernest Lindner's vision of the world is keener than average, and the deftness with which he evokes a mood or calls a scene to life is evident in all his works.

A. W. Davey perceives a world no-less intense, though distance and the winter mists soften the Regina skyline in his painting.

To Winona Mulcaster, the tonal contrasts of fresh snow and furrowed earth provide subject matter for her exciting choriassuro.

Robert Newton Hurley has the happy faculty of catching the beauty of the commonplace, as in the little Whistle Stop presented here.

Robert Symons, artist son of an artist father, has captured a moment of high excitement gleaned from his many years of wandering our southern plains and northern fastnesses.



# MOOSE HUNTER, CUMBERLAND HOUSE

R. D. Symons, seventh son of the well-known British artist William Christian Symons, came to Canada as a youth of 16 in 1914. His boyhood years in rural Sussex conditioned him to an outdoor life, and his varied careers as rancher, naturalist, game guardian, artist, poet and author have led him to many wilderness environments. Today Mr. Symons lives in Silton, Saskatchewan, a quiet village in parkland country east of Last Mountain Lake. He has done extensive work for the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History, Regina, where many of his paintings and backgrounds are daily admired by visitors. This scene records an actual experience near Cumberland House in 1937, the hunter being Mr. Symons himself.

## THE PAINTER'S EYE

### WHISTLE STOP

Robert Newton Hurley, the "Prairie Painter" who came to Saskatchewan from England in 1923, is internationally famous as an interpreter of the province's rural scene. Five of his paintings hang in Buckingham Palace, and additional thousands grace the homes of the great and near great both in Canada and abroad. Mr. Hurley, who was a resident of Saskatoon for many years, was encouraged to paint by Ernest Lindner, whom he met in 1932. He now resides in Victoria, but periodically returns to Saskatchewan to "renew his inspiration."





## SNOW FENCE, REGINA

Another native of England, A. W. Davey, came to Canada in 1922 at the age of 15. He studied art at Toronto, the Winnipeg School of Art and the University of Saskatchewan. During his 19 years as Commercial Art Director for the Saskatchewan Government, Mr. Davey worked extensively in the field of book illustration. He designed a Cloak of Honour which was worked by the Plains Indians for presentation to King George V. Illuminated addresses by Mr. Davey were presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II by the Government of Saskatchewan, and to the Right Honourable Louis St. Laurent by the Plains Indians. "I try to capture the reality of Saskatchewan life," Mr. Davey explains, "as well as to record the vestiges of our prairie past."



## PRAIRIE No. 1

The only Saskatchewan-born artist represented in this group, Winona Mulcaster, is a native of Prince Albert. As a result of her studies at the University of Saskatchewan, Miss Mulcaster became a specialist in children's art, and is at present Teacher of Art at the Teacher's Training College, Saskatoon. In 1958 she received a Canada Council Grant.

**D**ECADES from now, sports people will still be talking about the feats of Gordie Howe, a Saskatchewan native son who became the world's greatest hockey hero.

Born on a farm near Floral, Saskatchewan, on the outskirts of Saskatoon, Howe has been in the National Hockey League, the world's premier professional circuit, for 18 years. He has often mentioned that 20 years as a player would be his objective.

The current season and one more will enable Howe to reach the 20 year mark, but even if he fails to make it, his name will go down in the annals of hockey as one of the most talented players ever to lace on a pair of skates. With the exception of a single year with Omaha, his entire professional career has been with Detroit Red Wings, who acquired him on the rebound after New York Rangers, also of the National League, missed noting his potential.

The fabulous Detroit right winger, who can turn in a talented performance from any position has won an unprecedented six NHL scoring championships, a record which might never be equalled. He has also become the NHL's all-time-high goal-scorer during regular league play, last winter surpassing the record of Montreal's Maurice (Rocket) Richard.

Previously, Howe had been the all-time champion for assists in the NHL, so from here in every time he scores a goal or makes an assist, he rewrites the record book. There are many experts who say he will rewrite every record in the National League before his career ends.

Entering the 1964-65 NHL season, Howe's regular schedule record stood at 566 goals and 719 assists for the 18 years with Detroit. In playoffs he had scored 57 goals and contributed 83 assists.

He had 51 other scoring points in professional hockey—24 goals and 27 assists—for Omaha, in the one season he spent there before crashing the National League in 1946.

Recently, Howe signed a 10-year contract with a National Department Store chain as a sports equipment adviser for the chain's many branches across the country. He made his first trip in this capacity last summer and was greeted by hundreds of people

ship. In later years he also turned to baseball and golf and could have excelled at both had he stayed with them as he did with hockey. He currently plays golf in the 70's.

Howe broke into the Saskatoon Kinsmen Pee Wee Hockey League with a team known as the Red Wings. His Pee Wee coach Sandy Sanderson, used him mainly as a defenceman. The following year coach Jimmy Lang moved him up to the forward line. Gerry Couture and Pat Lundy, both of whom made it to the NHL, and Professor John Leicester, Physical Education Department, University of Saskatchewan, were Howe's teammates on the Red Wings that year. They won the title. In February, 1964, he was honoured as the outstanding graduate of the Saskatoon Kinsmen Pee Wee Hockey League.

The future NHL star's name first appeared on the records of the Saskatchewan Amateur Hockey Association in 1942, when he was registered with the King George Athletic Club in the bantam division. The team was coached, financed and managed by Mrs. Bert Hodges, a former school teacher.

The next year Howe moved up to the Saskatoon Lions' Bruin midgets, coached by Sterling Hookway, and helped them to the provincial title. The club advanced to juvenile ranks the next year, with Bud McKenzie coaching.

While with the Bruins Howe caught the eye of Al Ritchie, then the Saskatchewan scout for the New York Rangers. Ritchie sent Gordie to the Rangers' fall camp at Winnipeg, but the late Lester Patrick, then manager and coach of the Rangers, took a few looks at the young Saskatonian and advised him to go back and grow up.

Shortly after his return to Saskatoon, Gordie was contacted by the late Fred Pinkney, Saskatchewan scout for Detroit Red Wings during that period. Mr. Pinkney wasted little time in getting Gordie's parents to sign a Detroit form.

At the start of the next season, Gordie asked for his release to join Detroit's junior team, the Galt Red Wings, in the Ontario Hockey Association. The release was granted, but when Howe arrived down east it meant sitting out a year as there was objection to the

# CANADA'S HOCKEY HERO

## GORDIE HOWE

by Cam McKenzie

in every centre. His personal appearance to officially open Saskatoon's 1964 Industrial Exhibition was a main feature of that event.

Although Gordie's first saw the light of day at Floral, he was only a toddler when his family moved to Saskatoon, and it was in that city his career as a hockey player began.

Among his most enthusiastic admirers are the men and one woman who coached him in his early playing days at school and in minor hockey. They recall him as a tall, raw-boned youngster who took hockey seriously from the first time he appeared with his school team until he departed to join the Detroit-sponsored Galt, Ontario, juniors.

From the outset, Howe was a tireless worker, eager for every practice session, a person who avoided the penalty box yet knew how to take care of himself.

Gordie learned to skate on a slough in Saskatoon on a pair of "hand-me-down" skates. His first taste of hockey came when he enrolled at King George School and having advanced to the sixth grade, caught a place on the school team. Roly Howes, a Saskatoon hardware merchant, presented Gordie with stick, shin-pads and a puck at the end of his first season of play.

Robert Tricky, principal of King George School during Howe's early days as a player, recalls him first as a goalkeeper, and a good one. Later he moved to the forward lines and appeared occasionally at defence.

While Howe was at King George, the school won the city championship in 1941, 1942 and 1944. In these three years and also in 1943 Gordie was a member of the West Side's All-Star teams for the traditional East-West game in Saskatoon. In 1944, when Gordie was captain, the King George team won 11 games without a tie or loss and scored 106 goals to the opponent's six.

Besides hockey, Howe played for the school soccer team in 1942 and 1943 when it won the city champion-

inter-branch transfer. He played some commercial hockey in and around Windsor and Detroit and the next season turned professional with the Red Wing's farm team, Omaha Knights, of the United States League.

Tommy Ivan, who ran the Knights in those days, quickly recommended Howe to Jack Adams, general manager of the Red Wings. "This kid is destined to become a great player in the NHL," said Ivan.

Adams gave Howe his chance with the big team in Detroit and he has been a star with the Red Wings from that point.

Now in his 37th year, Gordie makes his permanent home in Detroit, but he has retained his Canadian citizenship.

He's a good-will ambassador for the province of Saskatchewan and his home town of Saskatoon. He never forgets his hometown, his family or his friends, and has returned almost every year since he first packed his gear and headed east to scale the heights in professional hockey.

Early last spring the City of Saskatoon honoured Gordie with the presentation of the City's Certificate of Merit, an award designed for very special citizens of Saskatoon. Because the Detroit team was in the midst of nailing down an NHL playoff berth, Howe was unable to be present to receive the award. His first professional hockey boss, Jack Adams, accepted it on Howe's behalf.

The applause from more than 500 people in attendance for the presentation was deafening. Gordie might have heard it as far away as Detroit. What is clearly signified is that Gordie Howe is dear to everyone in this area.

"He's the Babe Ruth of hockey," said one admirer. This perhaps was one of the finest tributes ever paid the Saskatchewan native who is considered the world's Number One hockey player and a fine gentleman as well.



# The End of the Open Range

by R. D. Symons



C. O. Dean

A LONE cow-hand checked his pony in the shelter of a hill and looked to the northwest. The sky was overcast, the wind chilly, flattening the yellowed grass and the grey sage.

On the northwest horizon a faint gleam of duck-egg green showed momentarily, then the clouds shut down, and snow began to fall.

It was November the fifth in the year 1906.

The place was the wide prairie of Southwest Saskatchewan.

"Blizzard comin'," the man said, half aloud, and taking his neckerchief tied his battered Stetson down over his ears.

"Come on, hoss," he said, and touched spur to flank.

Long before he pulled into the shelter of the 76 line-camp darkness had fallen and the snow had turned sharp, brittle, stinging the back of his neck.

The cowboy felt little concern. He had been out in many such storms, and knew that "Bunco," his claybank pony, would take him to safety. Shucks—just a little ole early flurry. Freeze up wasn't due yet. This skiff would go, and there'd be open weather again. What he did not know was that this skiff would stay; that it was the first breath of a 'die-up' winter which would alter the whole set-up for cattle ranching on the Canadian ranges. Sure, the short-grass plains—the high plains—had seen the 'Blue Northerners' before. Any of the older cattlemen could talk for hours of the 'die-up' of 1886—cattlemen from the States especially. Not that the infant cattle industry of Canada hadn't suffered too—the big outfits the worst—the Quorn, the Cochrane, to name a couple only.

Nothing that has been said or written of '86 could give the picture as well as young Charlie Russell's drawing of the bone-rack steer, standing with its tail frozen off, "Waiting for the Chinook" while the lobos, too, waited to get their teeth into "The Last of 5,000."

But the cattle business had recovered, as it had recovered from the years of low prices, rustlers, "sheeping off," and, in the States the hated Kincaid Act which gave a new impulse to settlement by farmers.

It had recovered because the bankers, too, had faith in the sacred cow. It would not recover so well from the overstocked, overgrazed conditions of the Wyoming and Montana ranges.

So more and more herds were pushed north to Canada, where miles of good grass still lay unclaimed, the lines of marching cattle nosing aside for any scraps of grass left by the herds of yesterday, grass soured by trampling. But "on to Canada" was the cry. Once get the stock on those cool northern prairies and you had it made. "Push them boys" they said, and horn clicked horn in the dry Montana dust, heading for the new Eldorado where a bag of bones would soon be a twelve-hundred-pound steer.

In this way had come 7,000 head carrying Moreton Frewen's 76 brand from Powder River, Wyoming, across the Missouri breaks and up to Canada. But Frewen was finished, as the Cheyenne Club was finished. His new company didn't back him, and the cattle were purchased after their arrival by Sir John Lister Kaye, to form the nucleus of The Canada Land and Ranch Company herds. Finally the 76 cattle were purchased in 1906 by Gordon, Ironside and Fares of the Canada Stock and Cattle Company with ranch headquarters at Crane Lake, Saskatchewan, and half an empire under lease.

I knew Frewen in Surrey when I was a boy, and I have heard him tell of the winter of '86-'87, and later, I found that his memory was fresh in the mind of the Cheyenne folks.

Many more outfits followed the 76—the Circle Diamond, the Turkey Track, the Matador with the Flying U—and men from the Old Country and the East, too; for the free-grass Bonanza was a siren whose dulcet voice charmed the ears of investors in Glasgow and London and Sarnia, Ontario—men who would never themselves know a 'Blue Norther,' would never hear the whine of a blizzard, never push a tired horse through a five-foot snow drift, never see cattle frozen to death on their feet.

So the trains came in from Manitoba to unload the scraggy barnyard 'dogies' on the brittle, unfenced prairies where they could wander at will. They would fatten on the grama grass, and perhaps meet and stare at the native stock, but later mingle with those rawboned, long-horned steers which had coughed in the alkali dust as they flinched from the rawhide ropes of the Circle Diamond Texians who nagged them on, pushing them ever north from the Canadian River of Texas to the Canadian range.

By 1906 the North West Territories Brand Book looked like a page of Heraldic devices. Old brands from the U.S. took on a new lease of life—Uncle Tony Day's Turkey Track, the Bloom Cattle Company's T Down, to name two—while new brands filled many pages cheek by jowl with the older timers. There was Gilchrist's En Four, Armstrong's Aye Dee, Douglas' Bar Bee, Treffe Bonneau's Two Ell Bar, Conrad Price's Eff Gee Monogram. Many identified the owners at once and more personally. Robert Pollock's looked like a pole-axe, Botteley's had a bottle followed by E, Broadfoot's looked like a Grizzly Bear's track, and Fysh Brothers of Moose Jaw branded a fish head on the left ribs of their bawling calves. There were hundreds more, and these knights of the range, as they pressed their irons on the fat and sassy spring crop of 1906, calling the brands crisply to the tallymen, little knew that within six, eight months, they would throw those tally-books away.

## Bright Prospects

The summer of 1906 saw the Canadian short-grass ranges stocked to capacity. It was a wet summer and the grass made a green carpet from Moose Jaw

Creek to the Milk River. Even the sheepmen were forgiven that year, for the grass sprang up behind the cropping bands as if the prairies were a watered lawn.

The creeks were full, and the sloughs and pot-holes noisy with waterfowl.

True, the trails were soft, and the round-up crews cursed the soggy ground when they spread their damp tarps. Chuck-wagons groaned and horses strained, and the cowboys had to snub their ropes to the wagon-poles on some of the creek crossings, but the cowmen were happy. Grass was what they lived by, grass which they put into beef that could walk to market on four legs. Nothing mattered but grass, and the Texans who had trailed into neighboring Alberta forbade their women-folk to cultivate a garden. "This is grass-country," they said—"you plant a garden and someone'll see it an' we'll have nesters. Let the farmers by the railway grow the garden-sass an' the hogs—sure, one steer'll buy what we need for winter." And they'd mount and ride across the swelling grasslands to see the steers "larding-up," and they'd turn their cuds, too, in time with the beasts' jaws. Only the haying crews really cursed the rain. They worked by the day, so no work, no pay. Not that much hay was put up by today's standards, not that—in a normal year—there was much to put up, anyway.

But the lesson of '87 had been partly learnt. Big George Lane of the Bar U, over west in the foothills, McMullen of the C.P.R. Livestock Branch, A. E. Cross and Pat Burns had all said: "best put up plenty hay, boys, we've seen what she can do!" The short-grass ranchers said, "Shucks! These weren't the foothills. The Chinook was bound to come a-rarin', and anyways the wind'll sweep the sidehills bare." They weren't going to run no Cow-Hospital! Enough hay to feed the weanling calves, that made sense, because that would give the cows a chance to lard-up before the real cold of January. And some for the bulls and the saddle stock—not that there wouldn't be plenty feed on the range, but the herd sires and the men's mounts had to be corralled or stabled anyway.

—"You let a bull run all year and you'll just naturally have calves mixed with snowballs," they said, "And anyways them bulls—big Herefords and such—cost foldin' money, and the more sassy they were by turn-out time the better."

As for she-stuff and steers, what was a little snow and wind to them? At best they'd have plenty grass to rustle. At worst they'd have salt-sage and winter fat; at worst they'd drift into the brush-breaks or the Cypress Hills and could wait her out with a belly full of brouse. So the hay crews sweated it out to put up the minimum requirements. Some of the hay was stacked too damp—"tough" they called it—and turned musty; some of it was left in big 'coils' to be hauled later—they reckoned.

It didn't, as it turned out, make much odds. Even the best quality hay isn't worth a damn when the deep snow and drifted hollows wouldn't allow a team and hay-rack within a mile!

But the cow-country faced the future with high hopes that fall. Those range yearlings and two-year-olds, no less than those off-coloured dogies only had to keep their cud-cheeks full for another year—mebbe two—and Pat Burns would pay cash on the hoof to keep his beef contracts with the Railroad Companies. Not that the ranchers wanted any iron roads in *their* domain. The C.P.R. main line—anything up to 100 miles away, was plenty close enough—or they could ship on the Great Northern in Montana.

### The Wolf Wind

The puff from the northwest that sent the 76 cowboy loping into camp was nothing to what followed. On November eleventh the wind shrieked again. This time the blizzard lasted three days and the ther-

mometer hit the below-zero mark—and kept going. When it blew itself out the range was deep in snow. Cattle—the luckier ones—had drifted into the Cypress Hills; others into the valley of Frenchman River—the Whitemud as the ranchers called it. But the riders, weary from the saddle, shucking off their sheepskin coats and woolly chaps in the warmth of the bunk-houses could still laugh and chaff. The Chinook would come, they said, looking at the inscrutable skies.

But the Chinook didn't come. It was held back west of the mountains by the breath of Keewadin; and now storm followed storm. The cattle were plunging knee-deep, their muzzles snow-wreathed to their eyelashes, their legs weary. Riding became limited to a few hard-won miles. Even fed saddle-horses couldn't go on, plug-plug, all day. Fetlocks began to bleed and the gaunted ponies began to leave red tracks.

"Uncle" Tony Day, who'd brought the Turkey Track outfit up from Dakota, was beginning to think that mebbe the homesteaders he'd left behind weren't the only enemy he and his 15,000 cattle would ever face. He was an old timer—one of the 'Cow-Hospital' haters, and he didn't wean his calves—"Range weanin'" he'd say—"Nature's way was good enough."

North, across the South Saskatchewan, the boys of the Matador—the Flying U—told of what they'd seen in the sand hills. Antelope drifting into the breaks—perhaps across the river. Cattle dying. Too many wolf tracks. Perhaps those loafers smelt something in the frosty air—something the little prong-horns knew about, that they'd shared with the Buffalo. But the hump-backed Indian cattle had already fallen prey to a worse enemy than Old Keewadin.

The T Down wolfer, Jack Brown, saw the wolf-sign, too, saw it as he squinted across the white glare of the high plains, his weathered and whiskered face crinkled into a thousand lines. No chance for his hounds here; they'd soon play out. No chance to make a circle with his poison bait either. A harvest he couldn't reap. He spat and turned back to the bunk-house. The boys dropped their dog-eared books and out-of-date papers (the Hambly Saddle Catalogues), as above the lash of the wind those mournful lobo throats told them another critter had given up the fight out there in the cold and dark.

The boys looked at each other. One ran his mouth-organ softly across his lips, another stoked the stove noisily, still another reached for the thumb-marked pack of cards at his bunk-head. "Laugh Kills Lonesome" said the print tacked on the log wall—it was Charlie Russell who had said that, for sure—yes, and he'd painted the picture. *He knew!*

Well, Harry Otterson, the T Down foreman had said, "We'll make 'er till March. They's enough hay at Stone Pile for the bulls and calves." *He knew too*—but March was a long ways off. This outfit—the Bloom Cattle Company—were running 10,000 head, but a lot of 76 cattle and stock from the smaller ranches had drifted onto their range and these extras sorely taxed the resources of the brush cowlees and other sheltered spots.

Christmas dinner on the far-flung ranches of South West Saskatchewan was the best the owners could provide. But many a cowboy as he sucked on a drumstick or heaped his tin plate with pudding could not keep his thoughts from the critters who wandered and plunged aimlessly in the white fury which was beating them down, blinding their eyes with ice, stripping their ribs to washboards till they could only stand and dully watch their companions go down.

Tom Carr, at the Forks of the Red Deer, could not sleep nights for the click of cattle hooves which sang like castanets above their bawling as they tramped round and round his barnyard, keeping the snow packed, probably thinking they were going some

place where they could eat. They did go some place, into the ground in time, and Tom had to vacate his premises when the hot weather came at last.

New Year's Day of 1907 was cold, real cold, with the thermometer at sixty below zero. Harry Otterson remembered how, on January 10th, it took him 15 hours to ride 30 miles to Stone Pile. He wrote:

"I noticed a few dead ones all the way. The boys at Stone Pile . . . were riding all the time, picking up the weakest cattle and trying to get them to the ranch, probing the coulees looking for bunches that were snowed in."

And so it went, riders coming and riders going, tramping the snow with their saddle horses to make a way out for drift-bound cattle which would mostly die by spring anyway. But cowboys aren't spawned by accident. They are born that way. Men who love freedom, who stand up to a challenge, who love nature and animals and windswept places. Not for them the ease of the armchair, the boredom of the office. They worked from an inner compulsion and even if, like the Matador boys, they did not personally know the owners of their spread, they were loyal to 'the outfit,' to the Range-Boss, to each other, and to the sacred cows which had walked by the side of man since the dawn of history.

Theirs was not 'unskilled labour'; their's was a craft which Jacob knew, which the Scottish beef-breeders understood, which had come to America with the Spanish language; their's was a Freemasonry of dedication which still operates from the Chihuahua desert to the Peace River. Not one of these men, despite the grumbling around the bunk-house stove, would have chosen to be elsewhere during the bitter months of that epic winter.

### False Hope

Towards the end of February, 1907, a rooster crowed loud and clear in the pale dawn, to be followed by another, and another, and the cowboys, choring in the barn, felt a change of air. One of them looked out the barn door to the west and—"Chinook!" he shouted, throwing high his greasy rat-skin cap. Sure enough an arch hung in the west.

Far out on the range a cow bawled. A coyote, belly-deep in the drifts raised its sharp muzzle, pricked its frozen ears. From behind the weathered pole corral, in the willows, a grouse clucked and was answered by another. The smell of the barn hung strong on the air.

"A Chinook!" The boys crowded outside and stared, turning a cheek to the soft wind. One of them spat his tobacco juice against the barn door and as they watched, wide-eyed, the mahogany liquid flowed slowly, unfreezing, down the warped boards.

The short-lived hope died almost as soon as it was born. That night the wind turned north again and the snow froze to steel. The cattle cut their feet and couldn't move. The rich grass below was now really sealed in, and only the tops of scraggy sage and creek-side willows were left to gnaw on. Now the range horses began to suffer too, although they were of sterner stuff than cattle. While the snow was loose they could paw down fairly easily to feed beneath and keep their flesh. But now they had to work harder to break the icy crust and some began to fail.

Many a small bunch of cattle owed their lives to the horses. Led by some cranky old cow the critters would fall in behind the broncs, and the ponies had to work double time, for as soon as one opened up a patch of grass, the old cow would hook it away, and the cattle would jostle and crowd for half a mouthful apiece.

The ranchers—some of them—took their cue from this and built big snow plows to which they hitched team after team of horses; but the beasts plunged

and flinched, the snow was too deep, and they had to be unhitched, leaving the plows to be buried under the drifts till spring. I remember one old plow slowly rotting just south of Battle Creek on the Badger ranch, a grim reminder of 1907.

March came at last. A few mild days offered relief, and again the riders belted on their heavy chaps, shrugged themselves into their canvas-covered sheepskins and rode their circles.

They found a few cattle alive, they tailed some up, but it was heartbreaking work, and their saddle Winchesters could be heard barking in the draws as the worst cases were put out of further suffering.

Then, again, the storms broke.

By now everything that a cow could eat was gone; old musty hay and sticks from the shed roofs, cleanings from the horse mangers, buckbrush and mouldy lumps of chaff. Some of the smaller ranchers in the hills cut brush, poplar and willow, anything, but now it was too little and too late. A pile of manure hauled from the barn would be eaten up like alfalfa by any range cattle that came to it. They'd even learn to wait at the dumping ground. Curiously, some of these lived!

Those ranchers who still had some hay stocked on the prairie couldn't get at it. It might as well have been in China.

Over in Alberta a rancher took off one mitt to claw the ice from his eyelashes. The mitt slipped from his lap into the snow, and before he could dismount to retrieve it a cow had seized and eaten it—a serious business at thirty-five below!

Only the Indians allowed the ghost of a smile to run across their saddle-coloured faces. They had beef again. It was lean, but it was beef. Meat from dead animals filled their stew pots, and perhaps it was the Manito, they said in soft Cree, the Manito who was punishing the white men for what they had done to the Manito's cattle, the hump-backed Buffalo which had been made for the high plains.

And the wolves: *they* fattened! So did the coyotes, and the little Kit Foxes that slipped among the drifts like wraiths, those that hadn't succumbed to Wolfers Brown's poison the year before, for they are less suspecting than the grey lobos. Eagles gorged, for "where the carcass is, the eagles will gather," and the robed and sandalled man who wrote that didn't mean vultures either.

April came, and the storms began to let up, for the sun had long passed across Cancer, and slowly the cold moderated, the snow settled, gradually thawing in the shallower, wind-swept spots.

Now the riders could begin to get about and assess the damage: here a bunch of cattle, legs still encased in ice, staring with white frozen eyeballs, all dead on their feet. Here a horn, here a foreleg, sticking out of a drift. Looking more closely the cowboys could see where the wolves had worked through the snow and eaten into the carcass till it was a mere shell. Yet, by a merciful Providence, here also was the odd steer grazing unconcernedly on a patch of soggy, thawed-off grass; or perhaps a heifer proudly nuzzling a new born calf, a heifer who, despite her frozen ears and shortened tail made quick, angry charges on her wobbly legs, warning off the intruding riders. And the cowboys stern, angry faces relaxed, and they laughed and said "Sho', now, old girl, we don't aim to hurt your baby!" and they laughed as they rode on for it was, after all, spring, and laugh kills lonesome.

And the men of the lariat became men of the skinning knife, flaying the dead for the few dollars that the hides would contribute to their winter wages.

### End of an Era

Come May, and the 'Big Smell.'

Scotty Gow, the rancher for whom I worked seven

years later, said it was still in his nostrils, that sweet, sickly odour of carrion.

He said, too, that as late as the end of June, there were snow drifts among the pines at the edge of the Cypress Hills bench, for that had been a cold and backward spring and a cool summer, in the year 1907.

The Antelope herds were nearly wiped out north of the C.P.R. The animals seen moving south by the 76 men had piled up against the railway fence and all perished except a few late comers who were able to get over on the backs of their kind, imbedded and frozen in the snow. An old C.P.R. conductor told me that when the wind blew from the north that summer, even his engine flinched.

The ranchers' herds were almost wiped out.

Out of 15,000 head turned out in 1906 by the Turkey Track not enough were left to run a wagon for spring round-up. This was between Swift Current and the Whitemud.

The Smith and Musson Cattle Company, north of the South Saskatchewan River, had only 250 Manitoba dogies left out of 3,000 imported in 1906.

At the end of what Harry Otterson called "the grim fight," the T Down had lost over fifty per cent of their cattle, and got off lucky, as well they might, for the Whitemud Valley is the best winter range north of the Missouri.

The Flying U—The Matador outfit—also lost forty to fifty per cent. The river breaks and the sand hills, well spotted with brush, saved many; that, and the fact that their policy was to run, principally, a 'dry herd'—mostly steers.

Some said it was a death-blow to ranching. To some men it was.

"Uncle" Tony Day decided to call it quits. The following summer, in a hotel lobby in Medicine Hat, he addressed himself to some farmers in these words: "You fellows, of your profession, have chased me from the land of Old Mexico north across the Canadian border and now you can have it all!" He said goodbye with moist eyes, and died in 1928 in California. I used to own a little Turkey Track mare years ago. Her ears were frozen short, and that was another reminder of 1907.

Brown, the T Down wolfer, packed his turkey and left for the States that spring. He died while attempting to swim his horse across the Milk River.

Most of the range horses had wintered, however, and with the coming of more settlers the demand was growing, so many ranchers turned to raising them. Like Ad Day with his famous Q, a brand that got to be known all over the west, and a few years later in France and Flanders and Palestine, too, for animals carrying that brand on the right shoulder were tops for cavalry chargers or Police remounts.

I have ridden many a Q horse myself.

Gradually the big smell died down for 1907 was dry, and the carcasses withered in their piles and in their singles. Dead cows, hanging in the tops of trees gave a clue to the depth of snow in the coulees, but these, too, disintegrated and fell, bone by bone and rib by rib, as the maggots rustled and dropped also, like grains of wheat.

Some said the cattle died of 'hollow-gut' like it was a disease. They didn't want to say they 'winter-killed'—that would have let down their dedication to the high plains which could do no wrong, and they still spat in the dust at the mention of fences and wells and irrigation and all the trimmings of a Cow-Hospital.

A police patrol on the Sounding Lake trail found, beside their broken wagon, the remains of a father and son who had started north early in November, 1906, to stake out a ranch—men who had been

warned; but they were from Oklahoma and did not see danger ahead on the yellow-grass prairie which looked like home.

All this, and more, I heard from lips now stilled forever, seven years after that tragic year, and there are men still living who endured it.

So nature had revenged herself against the men who had dared to try and cheat her. For nature plans that production shall be cyclical, not running a steady course. There shall be lean years, as well as fat ones, lest we and our beasts and the wild rabbits and the wolves and the birds become too numerous and destroy our environment. We plan for so many cows, so much crop, so much yearly increase, year by year, steady and unalterable, only to find that drouth, blizzard, grasshoppers, hail and a thousand other things have the laugh on our tally-books. The results of 1907 were many. One was that the range improved tremendously with the easing of pressure from grazing. Another was that outfits knew they must control their herds, have them where they could get at them to feed them. So more and more leases were fenced. Most of the holdings were smaller now, in spite of the 90 miles of fence put up by Wallace and Ross in the southwest corner.

And now the haying crews came into their own. More men worked now with pitchforks than with lariats, as the herds were once more coaxed into production. Everybody weaned their calves, and only the steers and heifers and dry cows were expected to winter out completely.

Many small irrigation projects were started, to save the waters of Battle Creek and Swift Current Creek and the Whitemud River, to turn these waters on the flats and nourish the lush alfalfa which the calves and the herd bulls would munch. Homesteaders came, it is true, but many didn't stay, and the others could sell their poorer crops and their straw to cattlemen, and some got into cattle themselves.

Cattle ranching didn't die, as was predicted, it simply changed its ways, and today is on a fairly even keel, with the hay crew gone, it is true, from a different reason, mechanization, and for that same reason the horse ranch, as such, is gone, and that left more grass to turn into beef, for any old cowman will tell you that he can raise three beef steers to one horse on the range.

So the man who hitched up a team of 'brons' to the mower and let them run full bat through the tough prairie grass till they 'gentled themselves' now rides a tractor or a pick-up baler.

Few wagons have their wheels greased for the spring gather today, but cowboys still ride good horses, still throw their ropes, still do an artistic job with the branding-iron.

And the older men, the retired—or, as they would say "broken down"—cowboys, still sit and talk of 'nineteen and seven,' disregarding the fact that we younger men, too, saw cattle ice-blinded and frozen in the drifts in '19, and again in '38. As one old cowboy said to me in Maple Creek, "If it hadn't been for them new-fangled fences and feeding hay, them cattle in '38 would of made it. If they'd been free to drift like the old days they'd all of got down to Milk River and lived, 'stead of a few hundred that hit the Havre trail. Why, I mind in nineteen and seven"—and he'd tell of some steers that made it *that* year, for we forget the bad and remember the good, and the good is always long ago.

Which is why old cowmen are happy, because 'long ago' is but yesterday, and the sweet savour of dedication and comradeship is stronger, to men who have 'made it' themselves, through seventy, eighty winters, than the smell of death.

# UNIFORMS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

*1873-1965*

ANYONE familiar with Canada's famous police force will instantly recognize the scarlet tunic, blue breeches and "peaked" Stetson of figures 10 and 13. The modern working dress of figure 14 is probably known by most, but the remainder may require some explanation.

Figure 1 shows a North West Mounted Police officer in full dress uniform of the type worn at the signing of the Great Blackfoot Treaty (Treaty No. VII) September 17, 1877, which was essentially the same as the full-dress uniform of Great Britain's 13th Hussars. The spiked helmet, or pikelhaube, was a German style of headgear adopted by many of the world's armies after the Franco-Prussian War.

Figures 2, 3 and 4 show a sub-constable, officer and constable in the uniforms of 1873-74. In view of Indian unrest south of the International Boundary, the Canadian Government sensibly decided that the red coat, long recognized by all tribes as a symbol of British authority, should be a distinctive feature of the North West Mounted Police uniform. A single incident will suffice to show the wisdom of this decision. It is reported by A. L. Haydon in his

history of the force, "The Riders of the Plains," (The Copp Clark Co. Ltd., Toronto, 1923 edition):

"On one occasion a large number of Sioux, followers of the redoubtable chief, Sitting Bull, skulked in the underbrush of the hillside and were ready for any excuse to fire upon the troopers below. In this critical moment the commander of the little garrison [Fort Walsh] went out bravely, tackled the old chief in person, and bluffed him so successfully that the band moved on without giving further trouble. On this occasion, by the way, Inspector Walsh literally carried his life in his hands. When he rode toward the Sioux camp he had on a short blue jacket with black braid [Figure 5], while his men were all wearing greatcoats. At the sight of the hated blue, the 'American colour' to all Indians, the rifles of the 'braves' went up instantly, covering the Inspector. Seeing his danger, one of the foremost trooper's had the presence of mind to throw open his coat, revealing the scarlet tunic beneath, and in a moment the weapons dropped. These were the Queen's soldiers; all was well."

Figure 5 shows a Commissioner of the force in a version of the British cavalry patrol jacket of the period which was favoured by top-ranking officers for some years. The lancer to his right wears a slightly modified version of the



earliest patrol uniform, the striped trousers and gold trim on the jacket being the most notable innovations.

The original winter dress consisted of a fur coat and cap, heavy mitts, moccasins and long woollen stockings. For a number of years the coat was made of close-haired buffalo skin, though later, calfskin and raccoon skin were favoured.

Throughout much of its history, the force experimented with headgear, and long before regulations specified, individual troopers, while on patrol, had affected some form of sombrero. By the 1900s the stiff-brimmed Stetson with a "Montana peak" had been adopted.

Figure 11 shows an officer in the dress uniform of about 1913, again incorporating most of the features of a British Hussar's outfit. The sword and sabretache had long been discarded.

In the last three figures we see examples of the uniforms worn today. Figure 12 shows a commissioner in dress uniform. Figure 13 depicts a constable in ceremonial dress, and figure 14 a corporal in "on duty" dress (dress order #1).

Marcus Canter, who prepared the illustrations of the uniforms of Canada's famous "Mounties" is a Regina resident with an avid interest in the history of military costuming throughout the world. He is a graduate in design and colour of the Mienzinger School of Art, Detroit, Michigan.

In researching the project, Mr. Canter had to rely extensively on written records and a few contemporary photographs of the early period, since the files and records relating to the early era of the force were destroyed by fire in the West Block of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa on February 11, 1897. His illustrations, which we believe to be among the most accurate ever prepared, represent the history of the Mounted Police uniform from the inception of the force in 1873 to the present day.

Valuable sources of information have been J. P. Turner's "North West Mounted Police, 1873-1893," (2 Volumes, King's Printer, Ottawa, 1950), and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Museum, Regina.



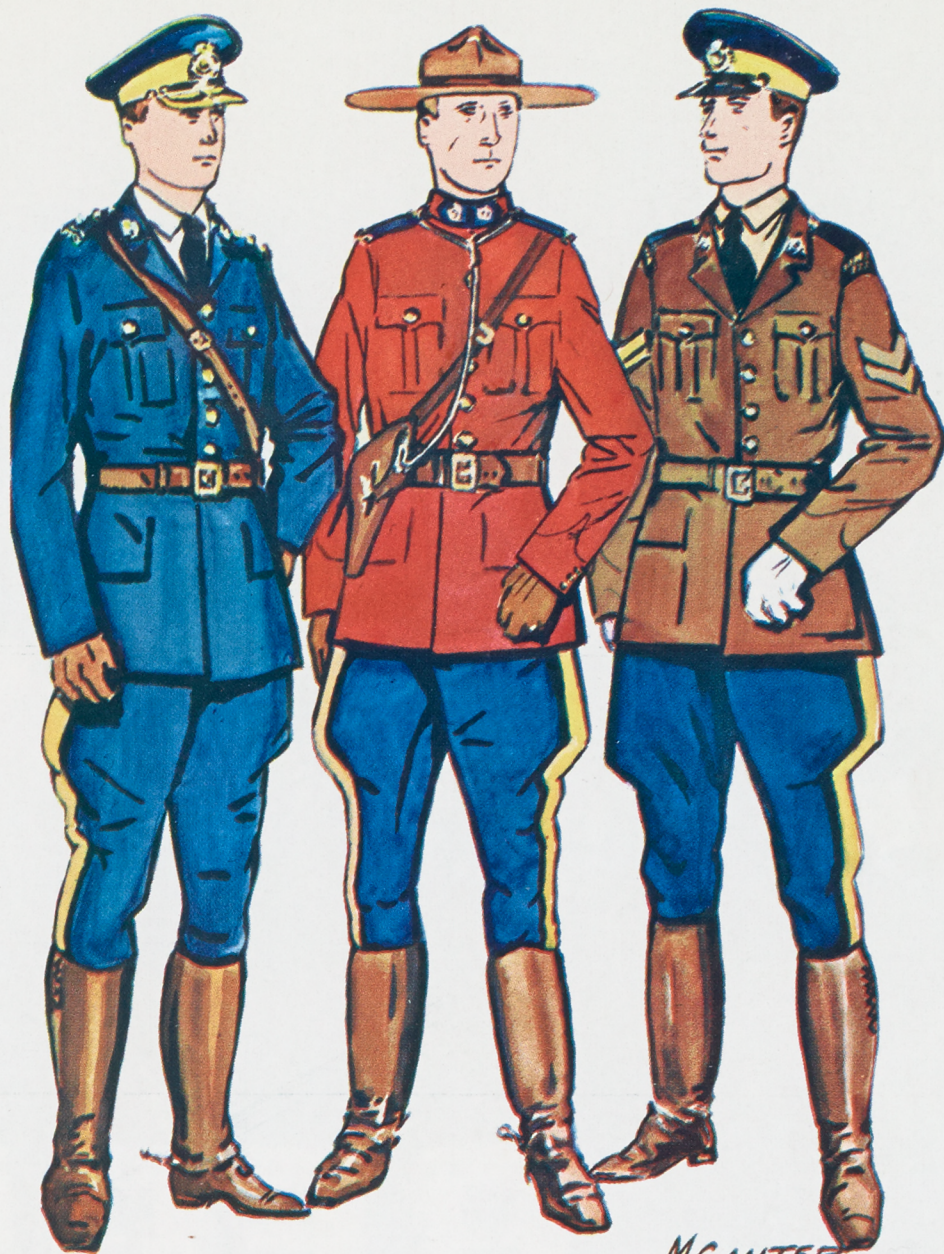
*Sub-constable, officer and constable, 1873.*

## UNIFORMS OF THE



*Commissioner, lancer-escort, corporal, constable, 1880-1893.*

Commissioner, dress uniform; Constable, ceremonial dress; Corporal, "on duty" dress.

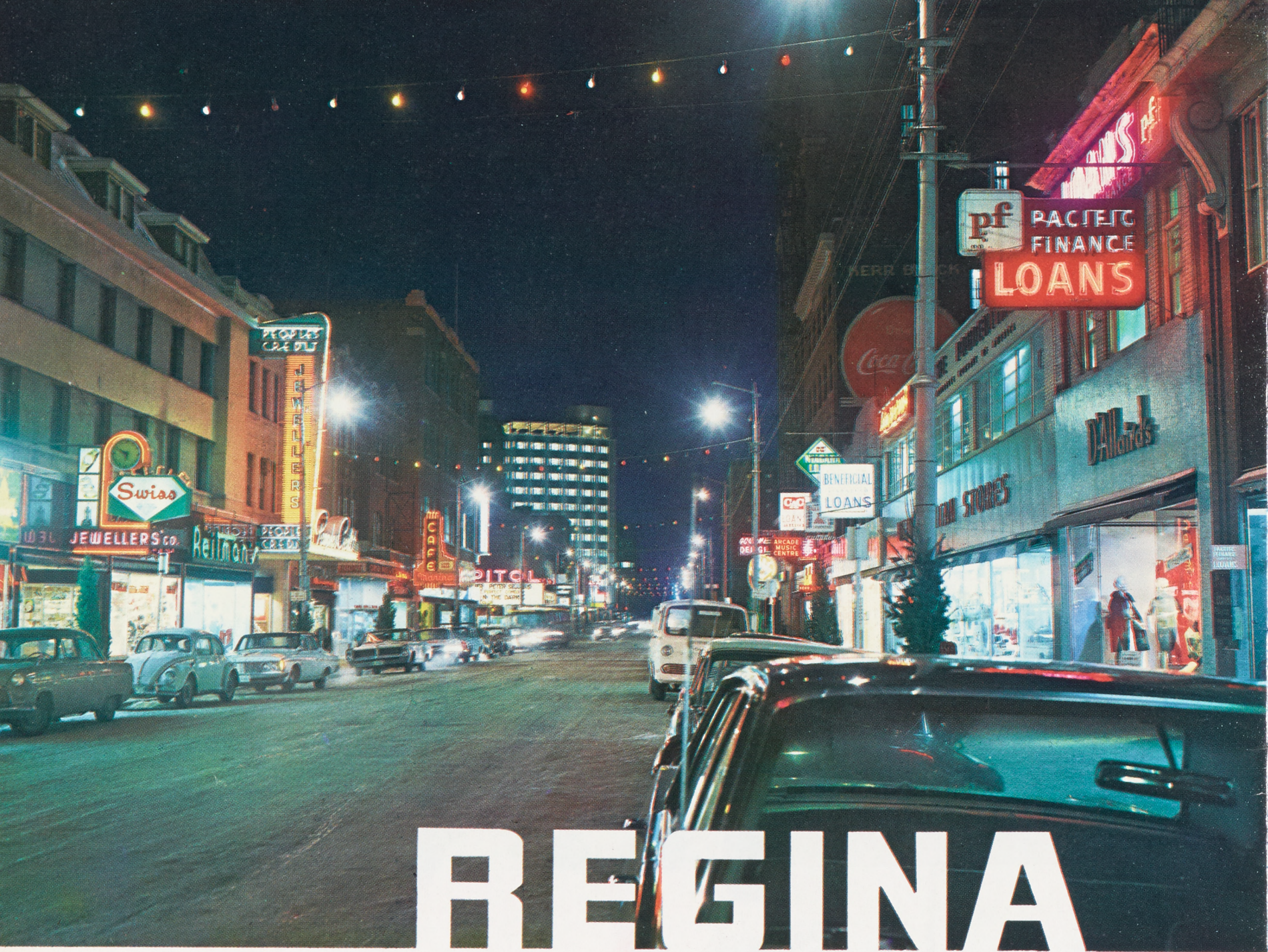


MCANTER

## MOUNTED POLICE



Winter dress, 1890s, Constable, 1905, Officer, 1913.



# REGINA

R. Taylor

## Queen City of the Plains

**O**N AUGUST 23rd, 1882, a mixed train composed of construction cranes, provision cars and passenger coaches, snaked out of the aspen parkland and squealed to a stop at a pre-determined destination on the level prairie.

Several miles to the northwest rose the Condie Moraine, an esker marking the southern limits of the great Wisconsin Glacier, 15,000 years before. A few miles beyond that, the Qu'Appelle Valley wound across the prairie like a vast, uneven furrow. But where the train now halted was nothing but the meandering course of a small creek, a tributary of the Qu'Appelle, near which stood a huge pile of buffalo bones which the Cree Indians called "Oskunah-kasas-take," somehow corrupted into "Wascana" by Captain John Palliser during his 1857 expedition.

Aboard the special train were the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, the Honourable Edgar Dewdney and his wife; representatives of the Dominion Government; the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Hudson's Bay Company. One of those officiating at the ceremony held that day to mark the birth of a new capital city was Judge Johnson of Montreal, who proposed a toast to "the success of Regina, Queen City of the Plains." The name of the new community had been selected by Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Governor General of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne. Henceforth, the area hitherto known as Pile of Bones would have a regal title to live up to, and success in that regard has been notable.

Portable buildings were shipped from Eastern Canada in the autumn of 1882 to accommodate the new headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, and today the city remains the western headquarters for the NWMP's proud successors, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

When, in 1905, Regina was confirmed as provincial capital, it began to acquire the appearance of permanence. Trees were planted, with such gusto that, as one humorist later observed: "It appeared as if Regina might be lost forever in an impenetrable forest."

This prevalence of trees doubtless goes far toward explaining the unique charm Regina holds for resident and visitor alike. In the heart of the city there is nothing to indicate it is surrounded by virtually miles of treeless prairie. The fine parks and gardens, the tree-lined boulevards and handsome public buildings, the neat and colorful private homes, create, in mid-summer, an atmosphere of almost tropical opulence, and in winter convey a flavour of the

forested north. But the plains are there, none the less, and they too, lend to the city a quality of spaciousness that is a large part of the overall impression of Regina.

Reginans take themselves, their city, their community projects and social obligations seriously. Perhaps for this reason, the city must be regarded as one of the most successful in Canada. To assure the continuance of this proposition, Minoru Yamasaki, one of the world's leading architects, was engaged some years ago to lay out an extensive and long-term design for a multi-million dollar complex of government and university buildings, public parks and recreation areas, known as the Wascana Development Project.

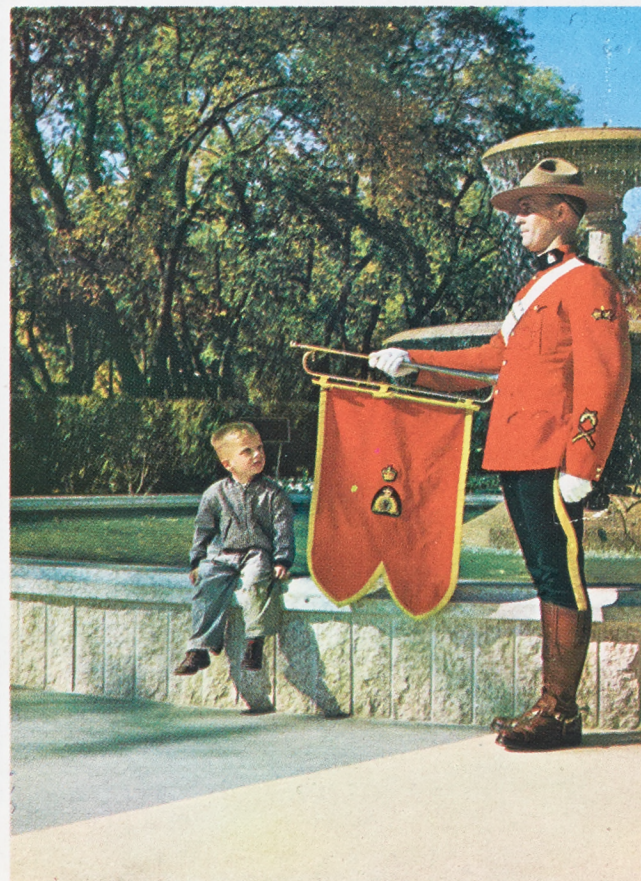
When completed, the gigantic scheme should prove one of the showplaces of the Western Hemisphere.

Among the first acts of the original pioneers was the damming of Wascana Creek to insure an abundant water supply. This resulted in the creation of the artificial lake on which the impressive Legislative Building now stands. The damming also modified the ecology of the area to permit the emergence of marsh vegetation, and today Regina is one of a fortunate handful of cities which can boast waterfowl sanctuaries within their limits.

Wascana Lake and marsh and the beautifully groomed Legislative grounds provide the epicentre from which Wascana Project is to grow.

A century will probably elapse before the vision of the project's planners comes to fruition as fulfilled reality. In the meantime, residents of the Queen City may rest content in the knowledge that theirs is a community with an orderly, yet colorful past, a rewarding present and a well-assured and happily-conceived future.

*Hero worship.*  
R. Taylor



*Wascana Creek in autumn, viewed from Rotary Park.*  
C. O. Dean





# REGINA



*Midwinter night, Legislative Grounds, Regina.*  
C. O. Dean

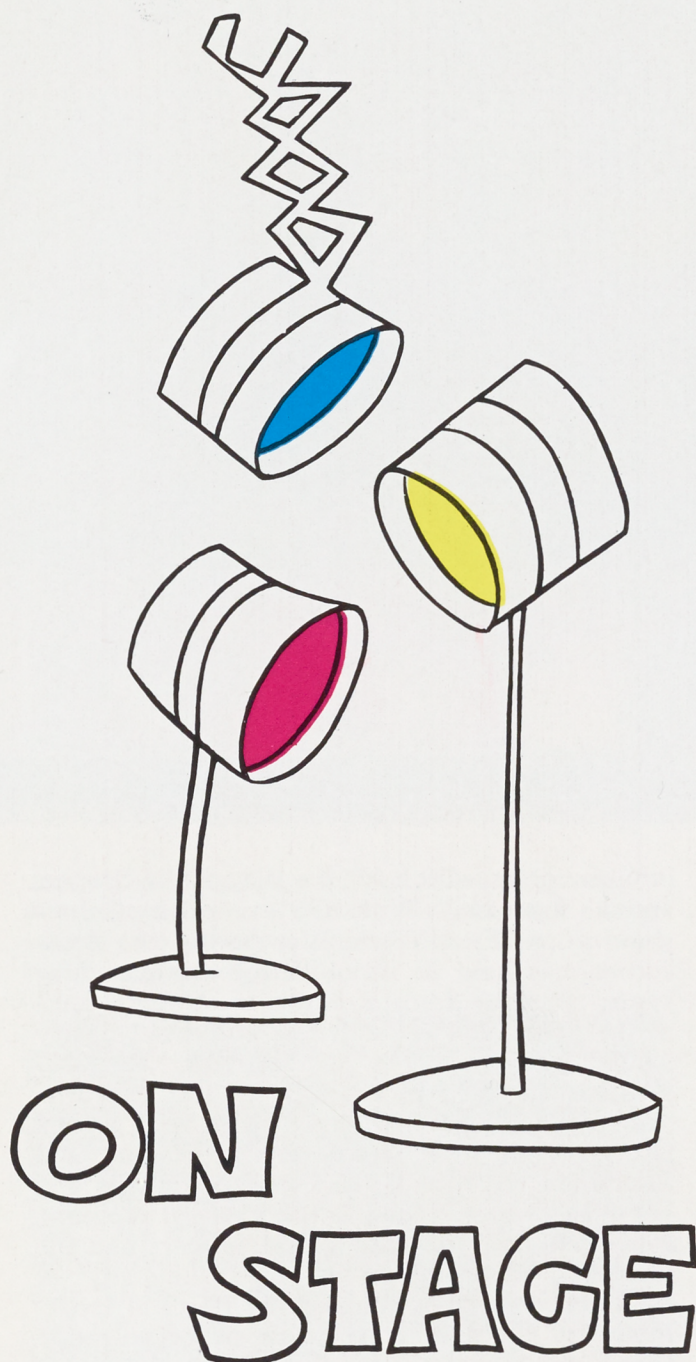


Above—  
*Lancers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, parade drill, Regina Barracks.*

Above right—  
*Saskatchewan Roughriders meet Montreal Alouettes at Taylor Field.*  
C. O. Dean

Lower right—  
*Sunrise bathes the Legislative Building in golden light.*  
T. George





by Dr. Carlyle King

IN ITS short history Saskatchewan has produced many young people who have distinguished careers in the performing arts beyond the boundaries of the Province. In drama one thinks immediately of Francis Hyland, who has been acclaimed for her performances in London, in New York, and at the Stratford Festival; Peter Scott, successful screen and television actor in Hollywood; and Bill Walker, the only man to have twice won the award for the best male actor in the Dominion Drama Festival. Len Peterson, one of the best known writers for the CBC radio and television stage, had his start in Moose Jaw. Among singers of international reputation there is Jon Vickers of Prince Albert, Irene Salemkka of Weyburn, and June Kowalchuk of Regina. Taras Gabora, from Canora, is known as a violinist on two continents. Evelyn Eby and Reginald Bedford, formerly of Saskatoon and now of Hamilton, have an enviable reputation as a duo-piano team. Other pianists of note are Neil Chotem and Edmund Assaly, now with the CBC; Robert Fleming, music director of the National Film Board; and Boyd McDonald, who has made successful debuts as concert artist in Paris, London and New York. The pianists are all products of the piano studio of Lyell Gustin of Saskatoon, who is known all across Canada for his work as teacher and adjudicator.

The success of individuals has its roots in a climate in which the performing arts are cherished. In drama the Regina Little Theatre has had a long and honourable career in keeping the values of the living stage before the citizens of southern Saskatchewan. This group has had its lean years, even its periods of adversity, but generally it has tried to maintain high standards of performance and it has never been afraid to undertake ambitious projects. One remembers, for example, memorable performances of *The Wild Duck* and *She Stoops to Conquer* under the able direction of Hilda Allen. Again and again the Regina Little Theatre has represented Saskatchewan creditably at the Dominion Drama Festival.

Similarly notable in recent years have been the dramatic productions under the direction of Richard Moore at the Saskatchewan House Summer Festivals, a joint venture of the Continuing Education Division of the Government and the Saskatchewan Arts Board. The Summer Festival of the Arts is held annually in June-July in Regina. Pooling the resources of the Arts Board, the Continuing Education Division, and the Drama Department of the Regina Conservatory, the Festival has done plays as various as Coulter's *Riel*, Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and Shakespeare's *All's Well That Ends Well*.

In the northern part of the Province the most exciting work in drama has been done at the Greystone Theatre, operated under the

Two prospective bandsmen with a member of the Moose Jaw St. Andrew's Boys' Pipe Band at the Moose Jaw Kinsmen Band Festival.



A scene from the 1964 Regina Little Theatre production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." H. M. Ketcheson



direction of Professor Emrys Maldwyn Jones, head of the Department of Drama at the University. This Department is, incidentally, the only university department in Canada devoted only to the teaching of drama. Since its establishment in 1950 the Greystone Theatre has produced upwards of seventy plays of quality, ancient and modern, among them Sophocles' *Oedipus* and *Medea*, Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, Shaw's *Candida*, and the contemporary *Dark of the Moon*. The Department of Drama has also encouraged the writing and the production of original plays by Saskatchewan writers.

Some of the smaller cities, like North Battleford, Swift Current and Weyburn, have active little theatre groups. Nor must one forget the widespread activity in school drama which is co-ordinated in the Saskatchewan High School Drama Association.

In music thousands of Saskatchewan young people have had their start as performers in the Music Festivals Association. This Association began as long ago as 1909 and took as its avowed object: "To promote music as an art and to unite all musical societies in the Province

into one organization for the purpose of holding annual festivals." With the exception of four years in the First World War period, the Association has held to its objective for over fifty years, going on from strength to strength until in the year 1964 its activities embraced nearly 11,000 participants in 32 festivals. Regional festivals are held in all parts of the Province, semi-finals in the two larger cities, and a final festival each year alternately at Regina and Saskatoon. In recent years the speech arts and ballet have been added to the Festival program. For thirty-five years the moral support and the financial underpinning of the University of Saskatchewan have enabled the Festival movement to maintain a stability of organization that is the envy of music festival associations in the other parts of Canada.

A parallel development in recent years has been the annual band festival in Moose Jaw under the auspices of the Kinsmen Club. Their International Band Festival has a history of fifteen years; in 1964 fifty bands from the United States and Canada participated. In the summer of 1964 one of the consistent winners at the Festival, the Moose Jaw Lions Junior Band



*Elaborate sets and costuming added visual impact to the 1963 production "All's Well That Ends Well."*

H. M. Ketcheson



*Members of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet played to standing room only at the 1964 Swift Current Festival of the Arts.*

under the direction of Frank Connell, made a month-long tour of Great Britain and everywhere won plaudits for their musicianship and their excellent deportment.

Both Regina and Saskatoon have symphony orchestras, supported in part by local subscription and in part by Government grants administered through the Saskatchewan Arts Board. The Regina orchestra is led by Howard Leyton-Brown, a well-known violinist who is frequently heard in concert performance on the CBC. He is head of the Regina Conservatory of Music, long established as the premier organization for the teaching of music in the Province and now a part of the Regina Campus of the University. One of the best achievements of the Conservatory is the annual production of opera; this was begun when Richard Watson was head of the Conservatory and has been carried on with success ever since.

The contemporary Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra was established and in the beginning years conducted by Murray Adaskin, head of the University's Music Department, who is well known throughout Canada as concert violinist and as composer. The present leader of the

Orchestra is Professor David Kaplan. Perhaps the most exciting venture of the Music Department was the Summer Festival of Music held in the University's Jubilee Year (1959) on the University campus; this attracted attention throughout Canada and beyond Canada.

From the time of its establishment in 1947 the Saskatchewan Arts Board has played a considerable role in supporting the performing arts, as well as the visual arts and crafts, in Saskatchewan. In drama it employs a full-time drama consultant, conducts drama workshops, and offers incentive grants for the production of plays in the smaller communities; in music it has a consultant service, sponsors a concert artist series, and supports a variety of music organizations by financial grants. In both music and drama it provides scholarships and bursaries for study and travel. Its latest venture has been the promotion of art festivals in the smaller cities of the province.

Weyburn had such a festival in 1963, Swift Current and Weyburn in 1964, and others are in prospect. This augurs well for still wider participation in and enjoyment of the performing arts in Saskatchewan in years to come.



HON. R. L. HANBIDGE,  
Lieutenant-Governor of the  
Province of Saskatchewan.

**I** WRITE this greeting, not only as the Queen's representative in Saskatchewan, but as one of a million residents of the province looking forward to the commemoration of our 60th anniversary.

To the thousands of strangers living beyond our borders, and to those former residents whose pursuits have led them elsewhere, I extend a cordial invitation to join us either for a homecoming or for an exciting first visit.

In the pages of this magazine we have endeavoured to reveal to you the flavour of our province's 251,700 square miles. To convey more than a sampling of so vast and diversified an area would require a massive book indeed.

Here then, is a brief introduction to Saskatchewan. We hope you read it with interest and enjoyment.

*R. L. Hanbidge*



HON. W. R. THATCHER,  
Premier of the  
Province of Saskatchewan.

**S**IXTY years ago, Saskatchewan officially became a province. The struggle to carve a home out of the vast expanse of prairie was a long and difficult one for our early pioneers, but they were successful in establishing themselves here and in achieving provincial status.

For much of the next sixty years, our people had an equally difficult job in improving their lot, and in making Saskatchewan one of Canada's great provinces. Two world wars took our young men away from us, some never to return.

There was the drought and depression of the 1930's when our people faced a most severe crisis and a province saw revenues from an agriculturally based economy plummet.

But our people have traditionally been of the pioneering stock—honest, hard-working and able to overcome each problem as it arose.

As a result, today we stand on the threshold of a vast new future. Industrial development, the search for resources and new incomes provide a bright and glowing prospect. A buoyant, diversified economy, jobs, new population, new industries, a surge of resource exploration and development, all bode well for the Saskatchewan of the future.

That is why, as we celebrate our sixtieth birthday, we pay tribute to our people of the past and look forward with renewed hope and vigour to the future.

Will you join us in celebrating this important occasion?

*W. R. Thatcher*



**JANUARY**  
Kisapowatu'kinu-  
moowepesim  
Frost exploding trees  
moon.



**FEBRUARY—**  
Kisa-pesim  
The Great Moon of  
Returning Hope of  
Spring.



**MARCH**  
Mikisewepesim  
Eagle Moon



**APRIL**  
Nis'kepesim  
Goose Moon



**MAY**  
Uye'kepesim  
Frog Moon  
or  
Sakepukawe-pesim  
The Budding Moon



**JUNE**  
Opinayawa'wepesim  
Egg-laying Moon



**JULY**  
Puskoo'wepesim  
The Moulting Moon  
or  
Paskawa'wepesim  
The Hatching Moon



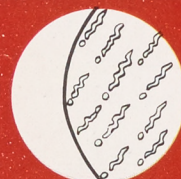
**AUGUST**  
Opuhoo'wepesim  
Flying up of young  
ducks Moon



**SEPTEMBER**  
Nimituhumooowepesim  
Moon when the deer  
rub their horns



**OCTOBER**  
Pimuhumooowepesim  
Migrating Moon



**NOVEMBER**  
Akwutinoowepesim  
Frost Moon  
or  
Kusku'tinoowepesim  
Freezing Up Moon



**DECEMBER**  
Yeyekwu'tinoowepesim  
Rimey Moon

## POUNDMAKER (Pe-te-Cah-Now-A-Pi-Win)

ONE of the ablest chiefs of the Cree of the western plains, Poundmaker was fated to live through tragic episodes in the history of his people, and in the end, was a martyr to the new regime.

His father, Se-ka-kyn-yan, was a warrior of the Stoney tribe, his mother a Metis of Cree and French-Canadian extraction. At the time of Poundmaker's birth, the Crees were divided into two recognized groups, the Cree proper, of pure Indian blood, and the Little Crees, or mixed bloods. Representatives of both groups were usually to be found in any camp.

Once, while Poundmaker was visiting with another band, the young braves of the group persuaded him to become their leader, since he was the most astute individual of their acquaintance. He accepted the responsibility and, in 1864, when possession of desirable hunting grounds along the Battle River was being contested by his tribe with the Sarsi, Poundmaker repulsed the renowned Sarsi warrior Cutknife, thereby falling heir to the territory which later became his particular reservation.

By 1879, the once plentiful buffalo had begun to dwindle on the high plains of Saskatchewan, and Poundmaker led his band southward to the Missouri in search of the vanished herds. There they found conditions even worse, and disheartened, he returned to the vicinity of Battleford.

In 1881, Poundmaker, of all the notable chiefs of the western plains, was chosen to accompany the Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, on his tour of the North West Territory. His wisdom and compassion made a great impression on the vice-regal visitor, for Poundmaker was a man of peace who, as the adopted son of the Great Chief Crowfoot, ruler of the powerful Blackfoot, had done much to settle the numerous disputes between his own, and Crowfoot's people.

The winter of 1883-'84 brought great misery to Poundmaker's camp. Gaunt children, dying of hunger, clad in rags, made pathetic efforts to learn the white man's ways from Father Cochin, the one missionary among them. Many died, and bitterness grew in the hearts of Poundmaker's people.

Still, Poundmaker continued to exert all his great powers of persuasion to prevent his warriors from listening to Gabriel Dumont and other impassioned messengers sent from Louis Riel to spread dissension and discontent among the tribes.

After the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion in 1885, Poundmaker and his band journeyed to Battleford where the chief hoped to confer with the Indian agent. For a day and a night Poundmaker waited in vain for the agent to put in an appearance. Some of his braves, overcome by hunger and agitation against the whites, looted the shops and homes of the deserted village. Poundmaker was powerless to stop them.

When a relief column under Colonel Otter arrived at Battleford on April 19th, the colonel hesitated only briefly before setting out to attack Poundmaker's village near Cutknife Hill. Unable to take the wily Indians by surprise, the soldiers and Indians fought it out for seven hours before the vastly superior force of whites retired from the field.

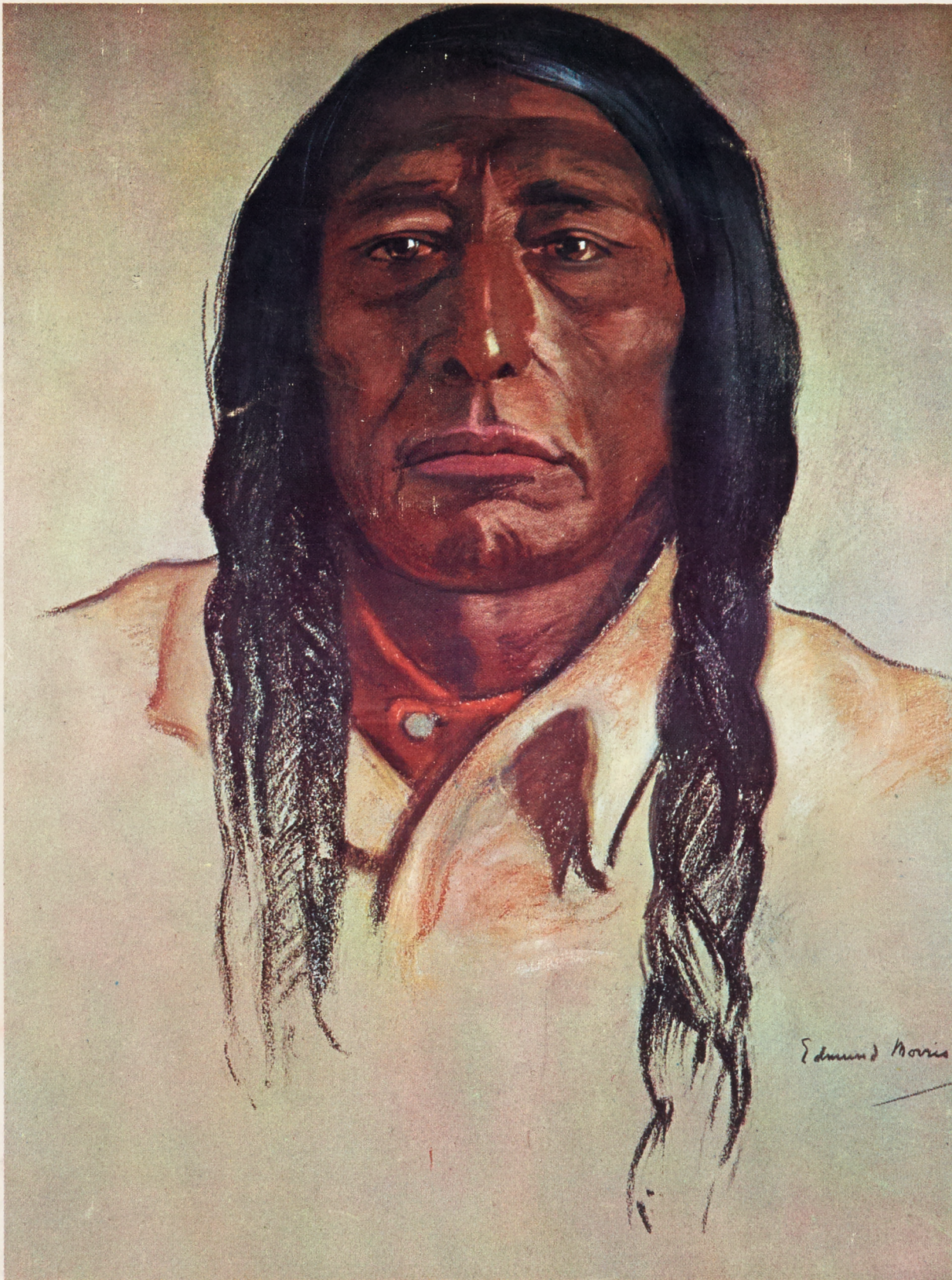
In the aftermath, Poundmaker's warriors captured a number of transport drivers, who had accompanied the troops, bringing his total of white prisoners to 22. All prisoners were well treated and returned to the custody of Major General Fred Middleton in good condition when Poundmaker surrendered on May 26th. Eye-witnesses to the surrender remarked the dignity and gentlemanly behaviour of the Indian as contrasted to the overbearing attitude of the Major General. Poundmaker, with four of his sub-chiefs was arrested, and subsequently sentenced to three years in Stony Mountain Penitentiary for treason. At his trial in Regina Poundmaker remarked.

"Everything I could do was done to stop bloodshed. Had I wanted war, I would not be here now. I would be on the prairie. You did not catch me. I gave myself up. You have got me because I wanted justice."

The sentence the Chief received is difficult to understand. Under the terms of the treaty he had signed with the Canadian government, Poundmaker and his people were allies, not subjects, of the Dominion.

The famous missionary Father Albert Lacombe, made a special journey to Ottawa to plead for Poundmaker's pardon, which was granted in March of 1886.

But his term in prison had sapped Poundmaker of his strength. Returning to his reservation, he rested for three weeks and then announced that he would go to visit his adopted father, Crowfoot. Only one horse remained on Poundmaker's reservation and this the Chief refused to accept, covering the 350 miles to Blackfoot Crossing on foot in just nine days. But the journey proved too much for the noble Cree, and he died in the Blackfoot camp exactly four months after his release from Stony Mountain.



POUNDMAKER  
(Pe-te-Cah-Now-A-Pi-Win)

This portrait is one of a series of 15 portraits of Saskatchewan Indians painted for the Government of Saskatchewan between 1908 and 1911 by the internationally famous Edmund M. Morris (1871-1913) son of Lieutenant-Governor Alexander Morris of Manitoba. The portraits may be seen in the second floor corridor of the Provincial Legislative Building, Regina.